

# The Great *FABLES* Crossover

part 4 of 9



Willingham · Sturges · Akins · Green · Pepoy **VERTIGO**

**F A B L E S**

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# The Great *FABLES* Crossover

part 4 of 9



ONCE UPON A TIME, A MAN NAMED JACK VISITED A FARM.

...MY HEAD IN A LITTLE SKUNK HOLE, AND THE LITTLE SKUNK SAID, "WELL BLESS MY SOUL..."

## JACK'S BACK

Bill Willingham & Tony  
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writers pencils

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inks inks  
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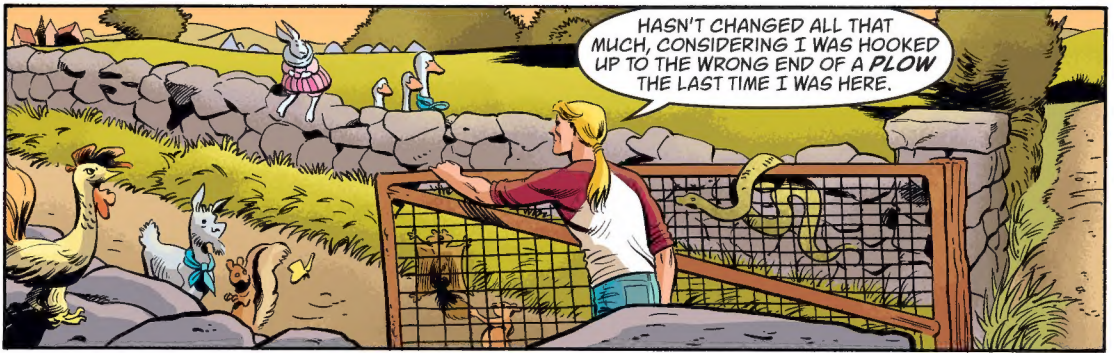
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Rufine Bond  
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### The Story So Far...

Fabletown is no more and the refugee Fables have too many pressing troubles to spend much time worrying about Kevin Thorn and the chance he might want to rewrite the universe. Sending Bigby and Snow to investigate should be enough. Besides, Kevin Thorn is probably just another damned lie cooked up by Jack Horner, isn't he? And speaking of Jack, who's that coming down the road?



HASN'T CHANGED ALL THAT MUCH, CONSIDERING I WAS HOOKED UP TO THE WRONG END OF A PLOW THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE.



WHAT I'D REALLY PREFER IS THAT ALL OF THESE TENTS BE TAKEN DOWN AND RE-PITCHED SOMEWHERE IN ORDERLY ROWS--LIKE WE HAD DURING THE WAR BUILDUP.

KING COLE? IS THAT YOU? UP VISITING THE FARM, HUH? GETTING SOME COUNTRY AIR?

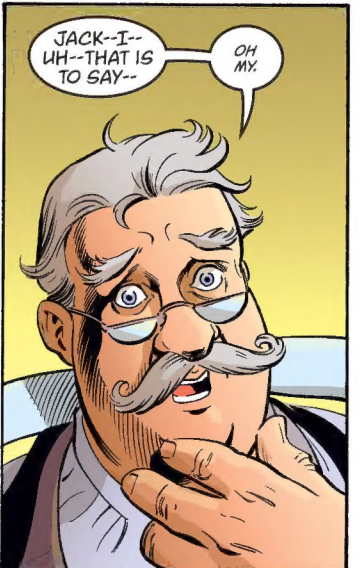
IT'S ME--JACK. LONG TIME, HUH?



LOOK, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND CHAT--TALK OVER OLD TIMES AND SUCH--BUT SNOW AND BIGBY SENT ME HERE TO, UHM...LOOK IN ON ROSE RED. GOD'S HONEST TRUTH.



I UNDERSTAND SHE'S RUNNING THINGS HERE NOW. GOT A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO DELIVER, SO CAN YOU POINT ME IN HER DIRECTION?



JACK--I--UH--THAT IS TO SAY--

OH MY.



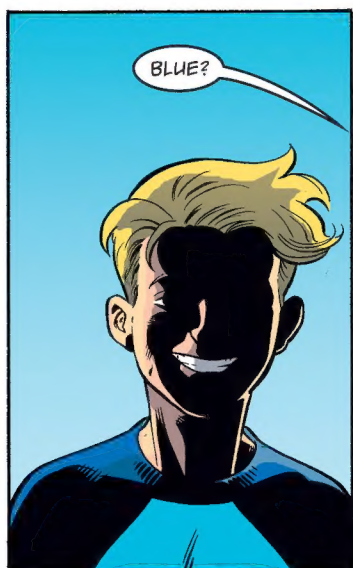
KNOCK KNOCK.

GUESS WHO'S HERE?



ROSIE?

WHY ARE YOU HIDING IN THE DARK?



BLUE?



OH, MY GOD! YOU'RE BLUE!



NO, ROSEBUD. I'M NOT BLUE AT ALL.



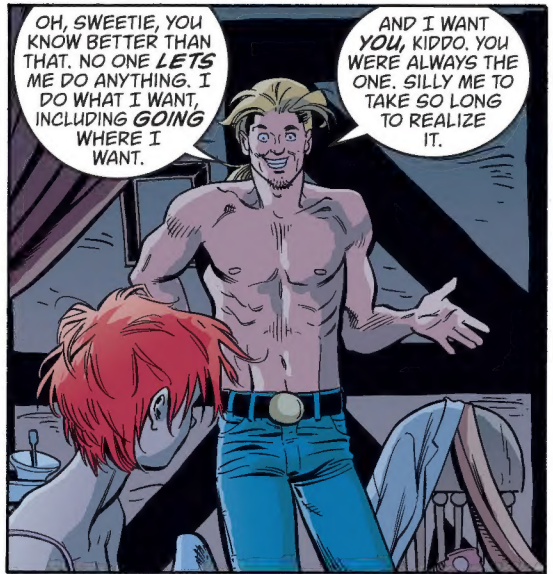
IN FACT I'M PRETTY CHIPPER.



OH, JACK.  
FOR A **SECOND**  
I THOUGHT--

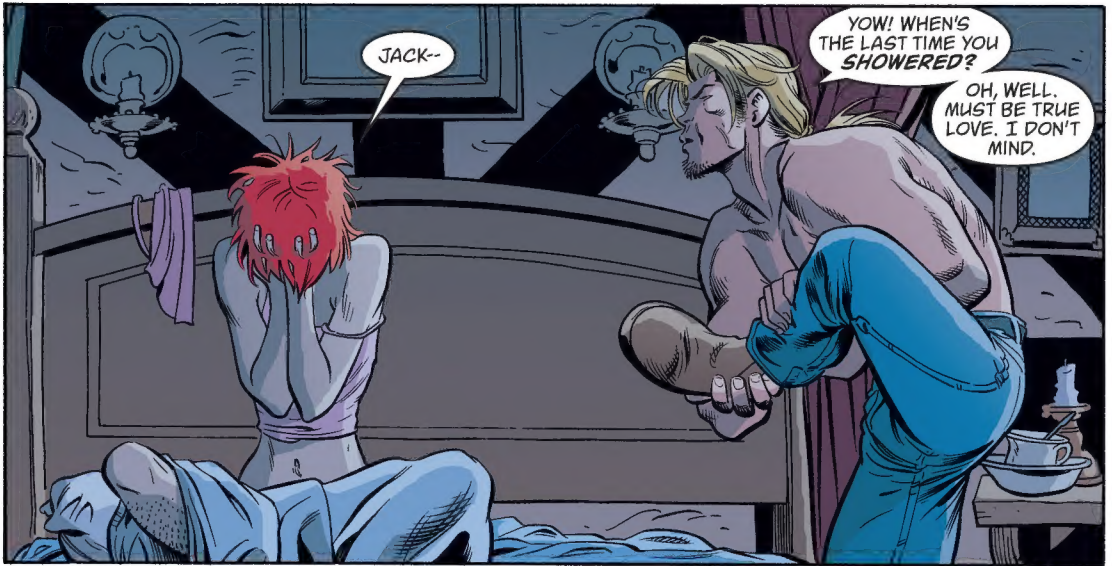
WHERE  
DID YOU COME  
FROM?

THEY  
LET YOU  
BACK?



OH, SWEETIE, YOU  
KNOW BETTER THAN  
THAT. NO ONE **LETS**  
ME DO ANYTHING. I  
DO WHAT I WANT,  
INCLUDING **GOING**  
WHERE I WANT.

AND I WANT  
**YOU**, KIDDO. YOU  
WERE ALWAYS THE  
ONE. SILLY ME TO  
TAKE SO LONG  
TO REALIZE  
IT.



JACK--

YOW! WHEN'S  
THE LAST TIME YOU  
**SHOWERED?**

OH, WELL.  
MUST BE TRUE  
LOVE. I DON'T  
MIND.



SCOOT  
OVER,  
TOOTS.

NO,  
JACK! WE  
**CAN'T!**



I CAN'T!

I BELONG  
TO--

NO, THAT'S  
NOT TRUE. NOT YET.  
BUT I'M **SAVING**  
MYSELF FOR BOY  
BLUE.



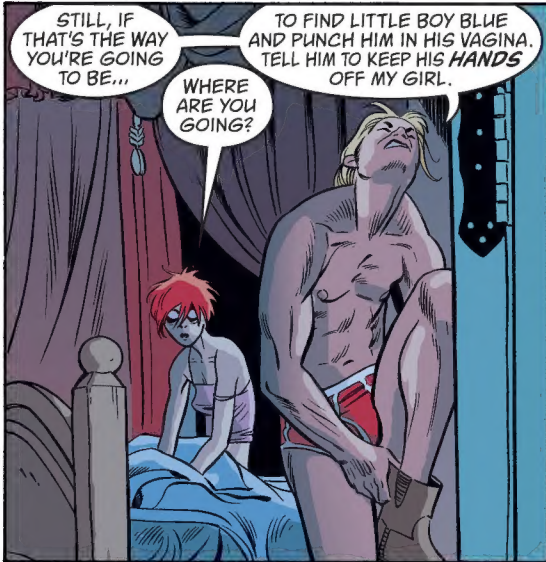
WHO?

YOU AREN'T TALKING ABOUT THAT LITTLE *SISSY BOY* WHO WORKS IN THE BUSINESS OFFICE, ARE YOU? YUCK!

AGAIN I SAY YUCK!



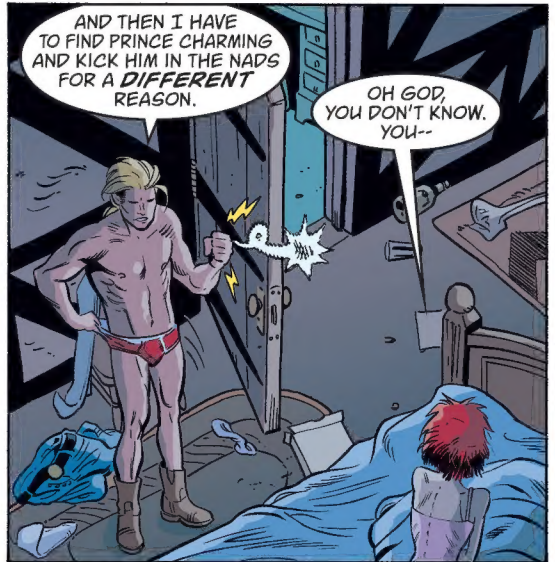
I GOT *NEWS* FOR YOU, ROSE. I DON'T THINK HE *LIKES* GIRLS--IF YOU CATCH MY MEANING.



STILL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE...

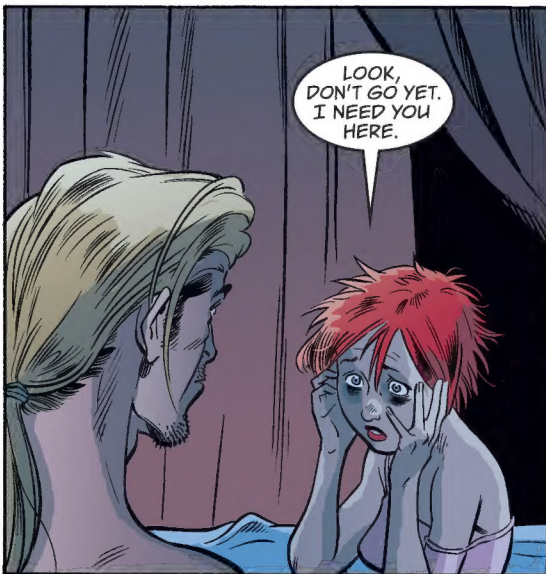
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO FIND LITTLE BOY BLUE AND PUNCH HIM IN HIS VAGINA. TELL HIM TO KEEP HIS *HANDS* OFF MY GIRL.



AND THEN I HAVE TO FIND PRINCE CHARMING AND KICK HIM IN THE NADS FOR A *DIFFERENT* REASON.

OH GOD, YOU DON'T KNOW. YOU--



LOOK, DON'T GO YET. I NEED YOU HERE.



HOT DAMN! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



SCOOT OVER.

NO, NO, NO, NOT THAT. WE CAN'T DO THAT.



I JUST WANT YOU TO STAY AND LOOK OUT FOR THE PIG HEAD. STOP HIM FROM **BOthering** ME.

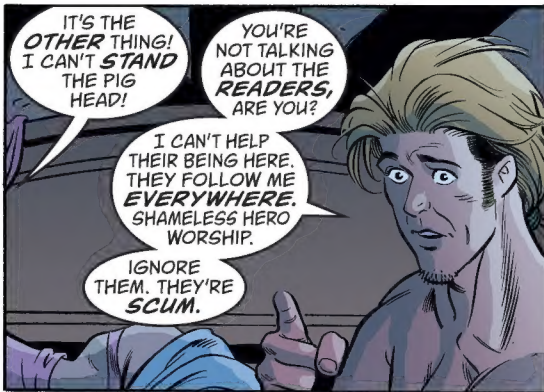
WHO?

I NEED TO SLEEP, BUT I CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE SNOW'S PIG HEAD KEEPS WAKING ME UP.



OH, YOU MEAN BIGBY? DON'T WORRY, LOVE, SNOW AND BIGBY ARE GONE. THEY'RE STUCK DOWN IN MY OLD BOOK.

NO, NOT BIGBY. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!



IT'S THE OTHER THING! I CAN'T STAND THE PIG HEAD!

YOU'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT THE READERS, ARE YOU?

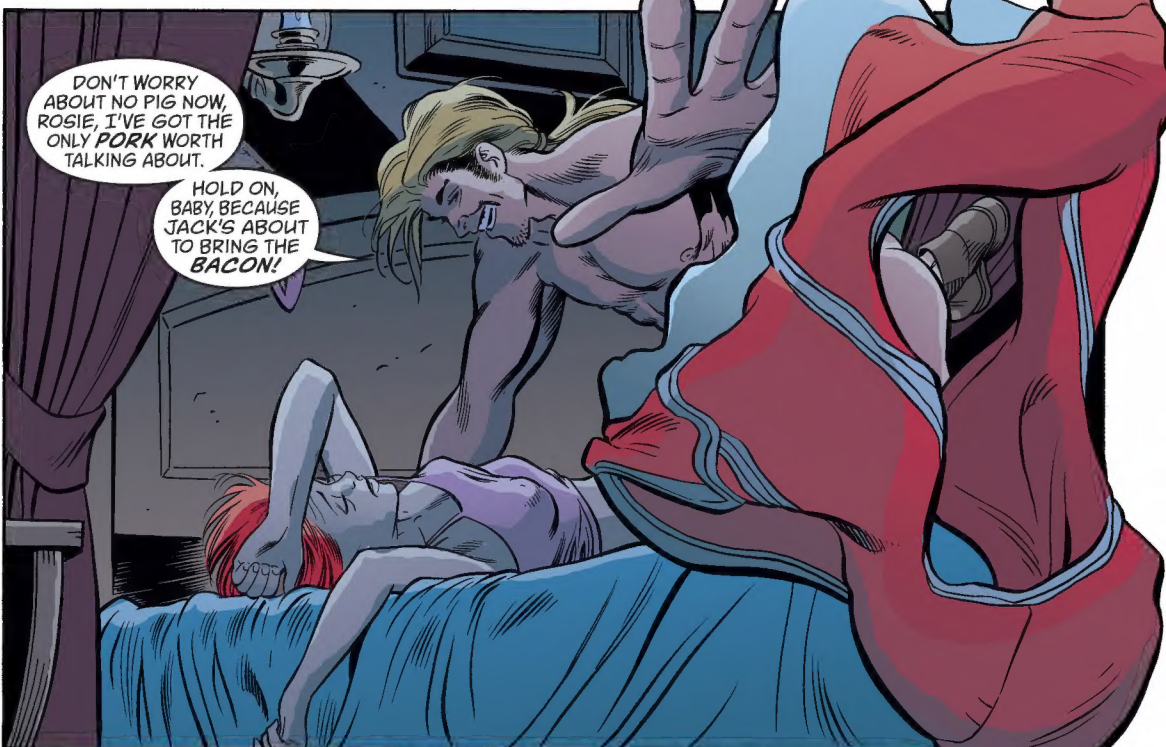
I CAN'T HELP THEIR BEING HERE. THEY FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE. SHAMELESS HERO WORSHIP.

IGNORE THEM. THEY'RE SCUM.



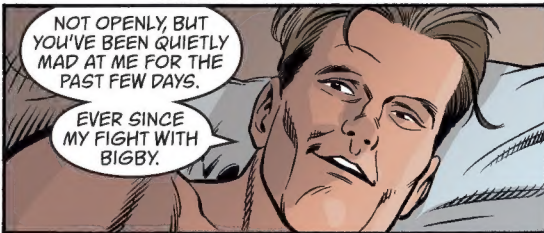
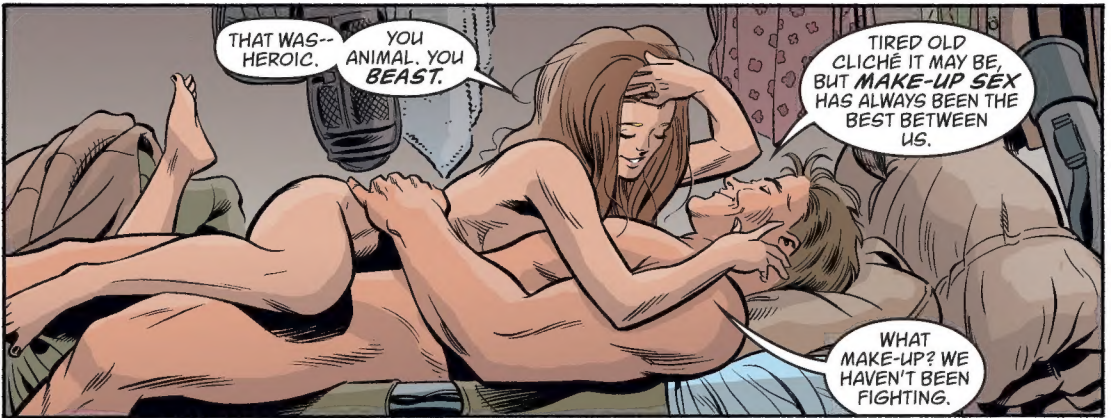
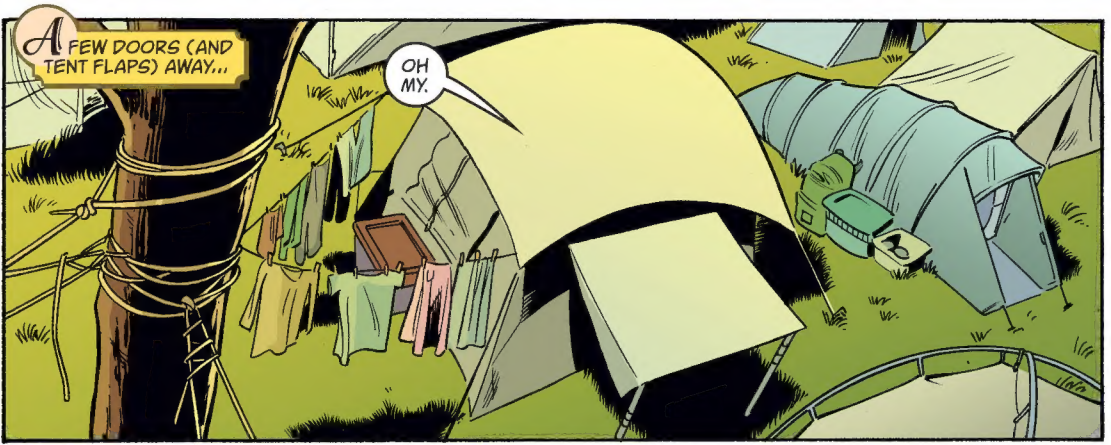
OH WAIT, YOU CAN'T SEE THEM, CAN YOU? YOU'RE NOT A LITERAL LIKE ME. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M ONLY HALF LITERAL.

THE GOOD PART'S ALL FABLE, THROUGH AND THROUGH.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT NO PIG NOW, ROSIE, I'VE GOT THE ONLY PORK WORTH TALKING ABOUT.

HOLD ON, BABY, BECAUSE JACK'S ABOUT TO BRING THE BACON!









OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

SORRY, STINKY--UH-- I MEAN, MR. BLUEHEART, BUT YOU CAN **HEAR** WHY I THOUGHT TO SEND FOR YOU.

I MEAN WITH ALL THAT SCREAMING OF THE SACRED NAME, AND THAT REPETITIOUS **THUMPING** NOISE--WHAT COULD BE GOING ON UP THERE?



OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

OH, BLUE!

I SHOULD THINK WHAT'S OCCURRING IS **OBVIOUS**.

THE HEADBOARD IS A-BUMPING! THERE'S FORNICATION GOING ON UP THERE! SOUNDS LIKE ROSE RED IS RUTTING LIKE A...

WELL, YOU KNOW.



OH, BLUUUUUUUUUE!!

HANKY-PANKY!

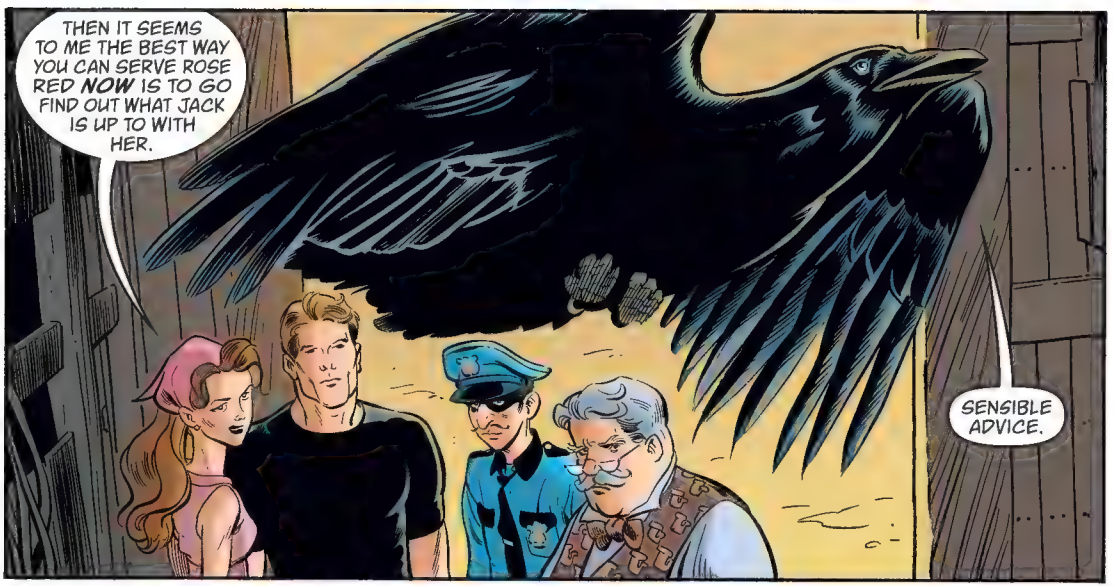
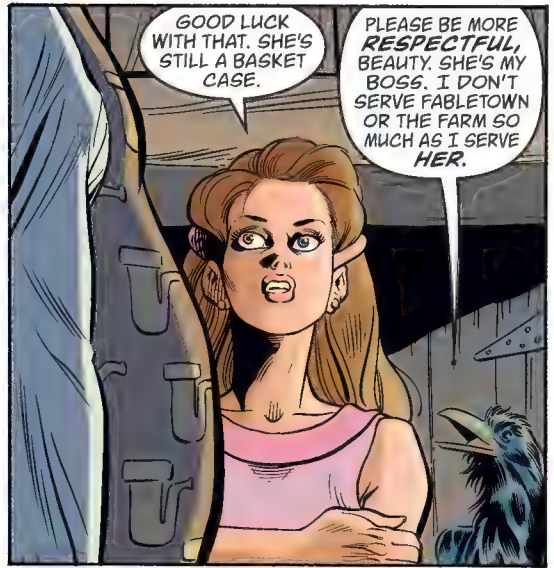
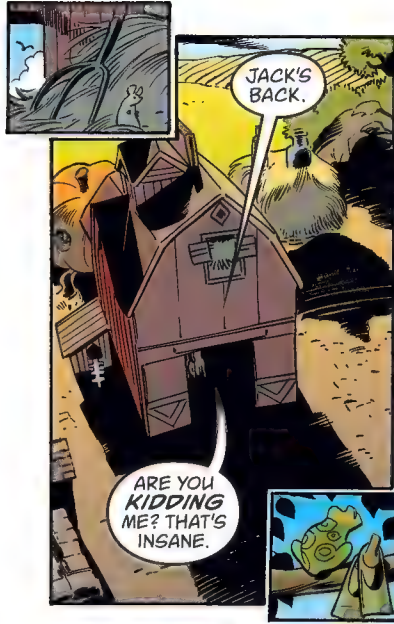
OF COURSE, BUT WITH WHOM?

I THINK I KNOW!



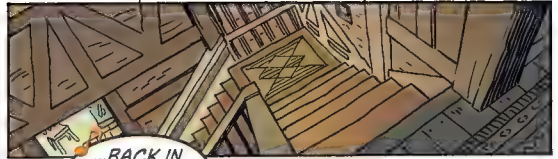
IT HAS TO BE BOY BLUE, RETURNED IN GLORY EVEN **SOONER** THAN WE DARED HOPE!

THERE WAS ONE STEP NOT **INCLUDED** IN MY VISION--OBVIOUS NOW IN HINDSIGHT. OF COURSE HE'D RETURN HERE TO TAKE A **WIFE** FIRST. THE EMPEROR **NEEDS** HIS EMPRESS.

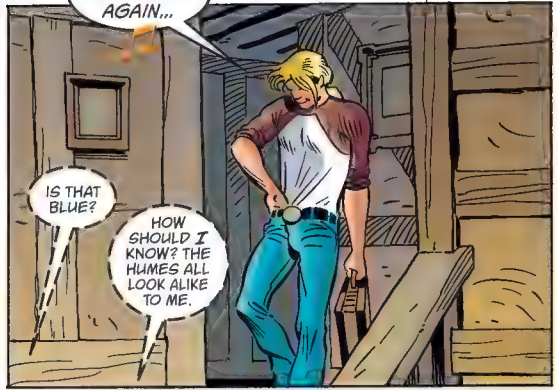




HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO REMIND HER TO KEEP A WINDOW OPEN?



...BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN...



IS THAT BLUE?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? THE HUMES ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME.

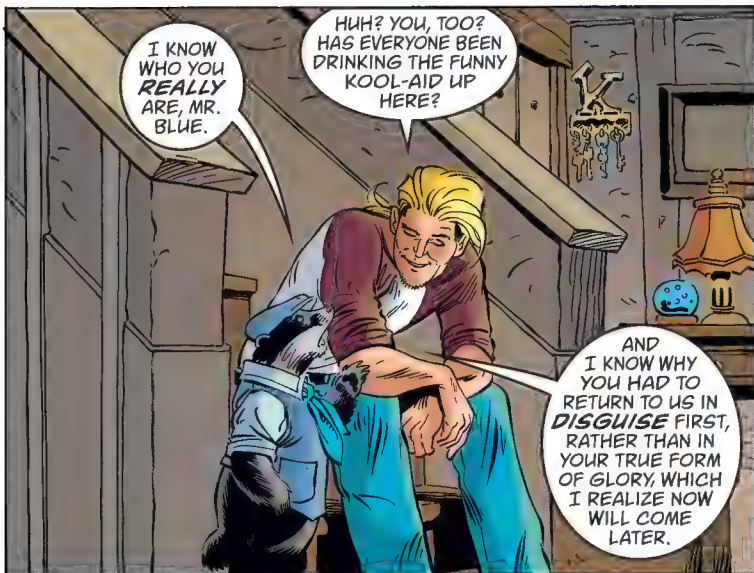


YOU FABLES SHOO. GO ON, NOW. LEAVE ME ALONE TO TALK WITH HIM.



EXCUSE ME, SIR. MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

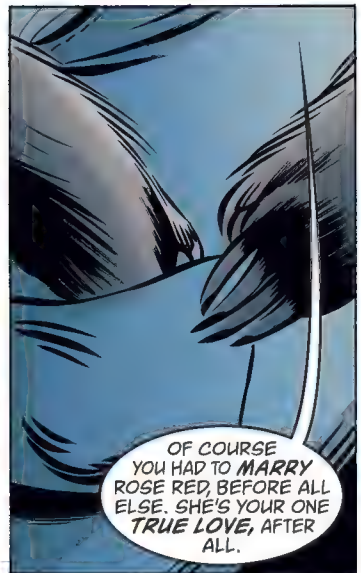
SURE, I'L FELLA. KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.



I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, MR. BLUE.

HUH? YOU, TOO? HAS EVERYONE BEEN DRINKING THE FUNNY KOOL-AID UP HERE?

AND I KNOW WHY YOU HAD TO RETURN TO US IN DISGUISE FIRST, RATHER THAN IN YOUR TRUE FORM OF GLORY, WHICH I REALIZE NOW WILL COME LATER.



OF COURSE YOU HAD TO MARRY ROSE RED, BEFORE ALL ELSE. SHE'S YOUR ONE TRUE LOVE, AFTER ALL.



MARRY, WHUH? WHAT? I DON'T--

HERE, SIR. WEAR THIS.

YEAH, UH--PRETTY LITTLE SCARF YOU HAVE THERE, FUZZY BUDDY, BUT I LEARNED HOW TO DRESS MYSELF LONG AGO.



IT'S THE SIGN IDENTIFYING ALL WHO *SERVE* YOU. THOSE WEARING THE BLUE SCARF WILL OBEY YOUR *EVERY* ORDER.



HOLD THE PRESSES! WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY? *OBEY* ME?

REALLY? ANY ORDER AT ALL?

OF COURSE, HONORED LEADER. IS IT TOO SOON TO ADDRESS YOU AS OUR EMPEROR?



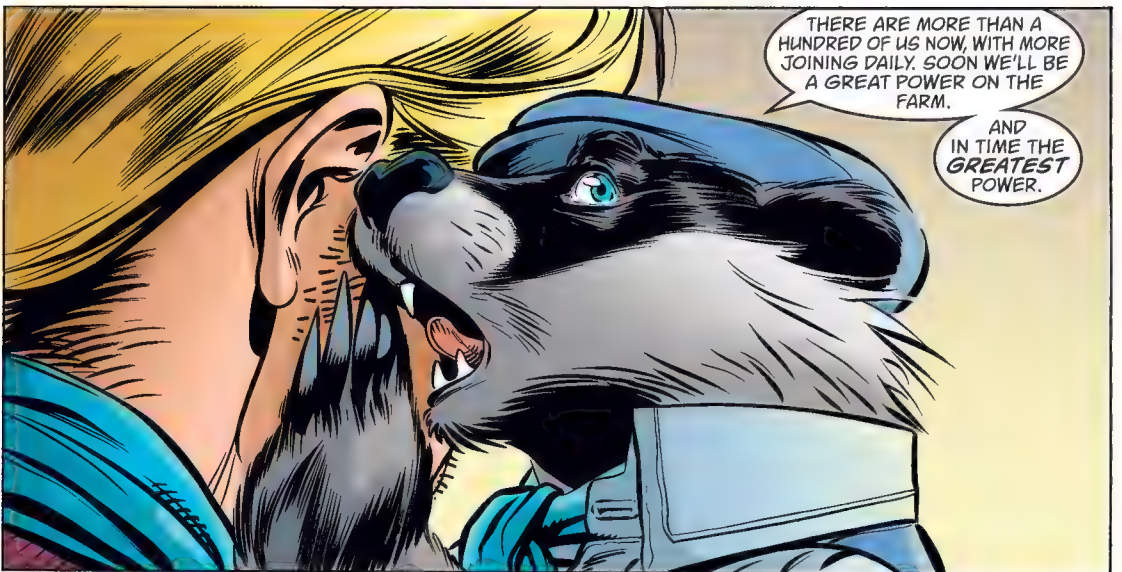
YEAH, WHY NOT? SWEAR TO OBEY ME AND YOU CAN *CALL* ME WHATEVER YOU LIKE. DID YOU KNOW I'M A SIX-STAR GENERAL?

HOW MANY BLUE-NECKED LITTLE CRITTERS ARE THERE?



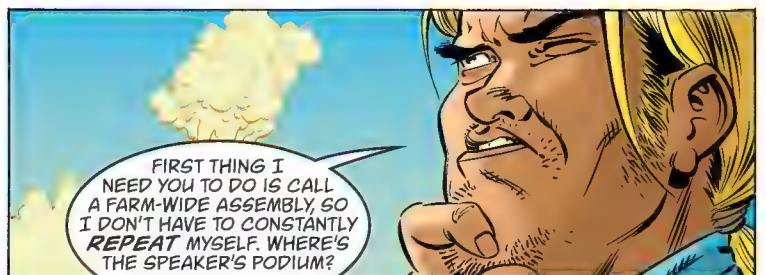
AH, LEVITY.

YOUR GLORY TO COME IS MATCHED BY YOUR SELFLESS *MODESTY* IN THIS HUMBLE DISGUISE.



THERE ARE MORE THAN A HUNDRED OF US NOW, WITH MORE JOINING DAILY. SOON WE'LL BE A GREAT POWER ON THE FARM.

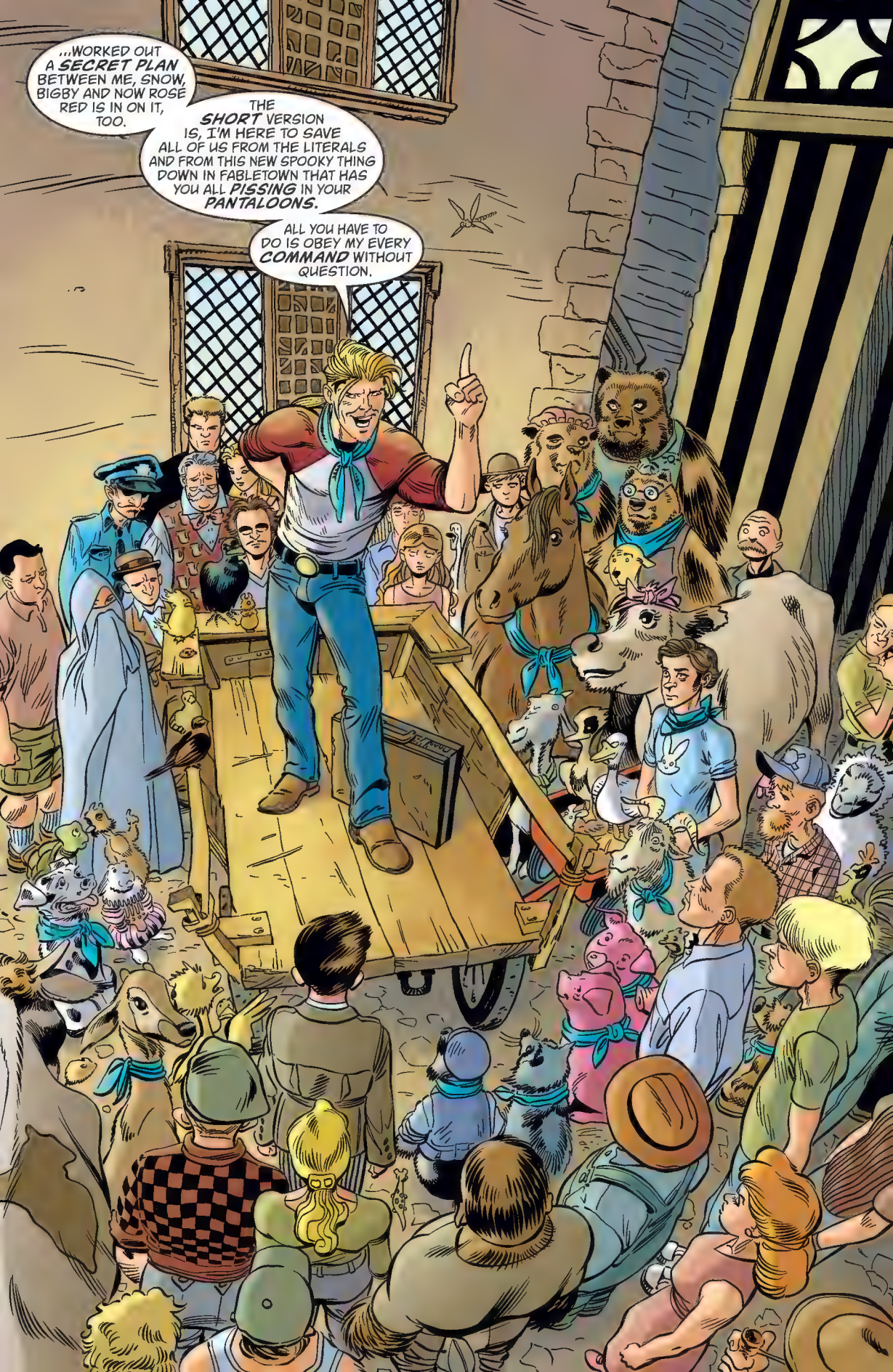
AND IN TIME THE *GREATEST* POWER.

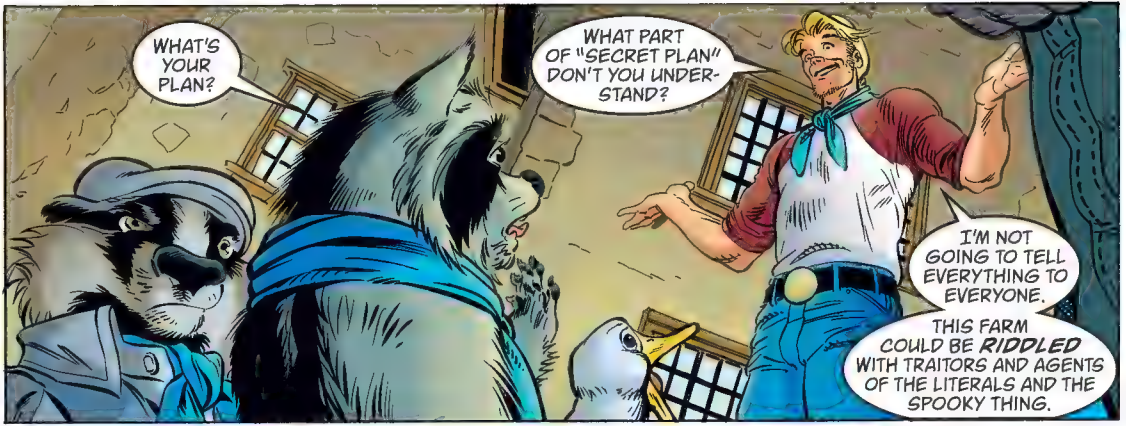


...WORKED OUT  
A **SECRET PLAN**  
BETWEEN ME, SNOW,  
BIGBY AND NOW ROSE  
RED IS IN ON IT,  
TOO.

THE  
**SHORT VERSION**  
IS, I'M HERE TO SAVE  
ALL OF US FROM THE LITERALS  
AND FROM THIS NEW SPOOKY THING  
DOWN IN FABLETOWN THAT HAS  
YOU ALL **PISSING** IN YOUR  
**PANTALOONS.**

ALL YOU HAVE TO  
DO IS OBEY MY EVERY  
**COMMAND** WITHOUT  
QUESTION.



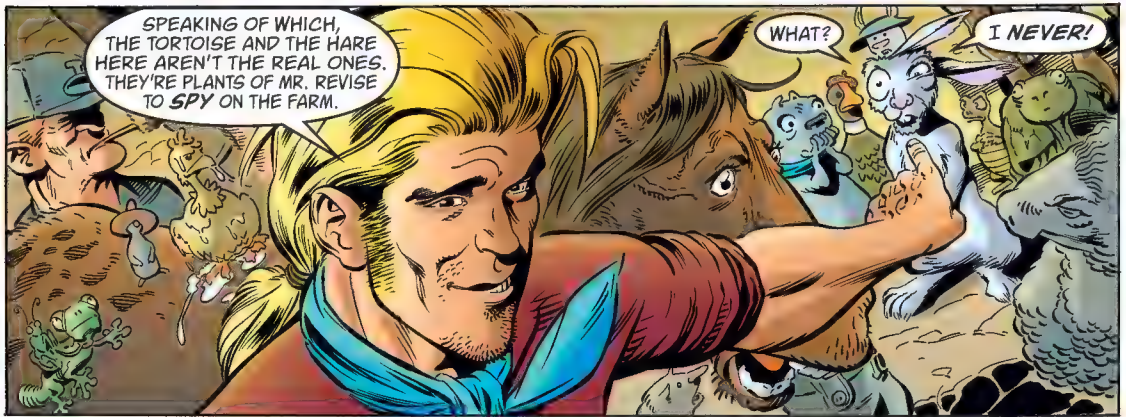


WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

WHAT PART OF "SECRET PLAN" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL EVERYTHING TO EVERYONE.

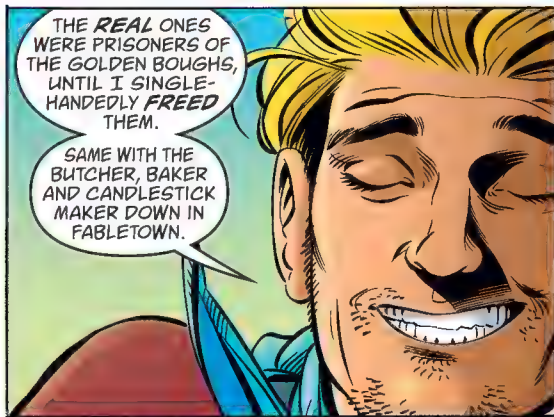
THIS FARM COULD BE RIDDLED WITH TRAITORS AND AGENTS OF THE LITERALS AND THE SPOOKY THING.



SPEAKING OF WHICH, THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE HERE AREN'T THE REAL ONES. THEY'RE PLANTS OF MR. REVISE TO SPY ON THE FARM.

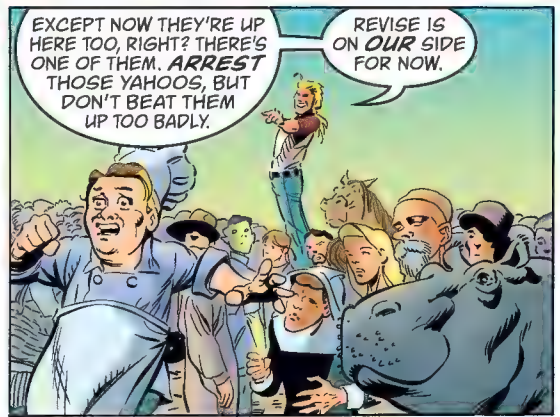
WHAT?

I NEVER!



THE REAL ONES WERE PRISONERS OF THE GOLDEN BOUGHS, UNTIL I SINGLE-HANDEDLY FREED THEM.

SAME WITH THE BUTCHER, BAKER AND CANDLESTICK MAKER DOWN IN FABLETOWN.



EXCEPT NOW THEY'RE UP HERE TOO, RIGHT? THERE'S ONE OF THEM. ARREST THOSE YAHOOOS, BUT DON'T BEAT THEM UP TOO BADLY.

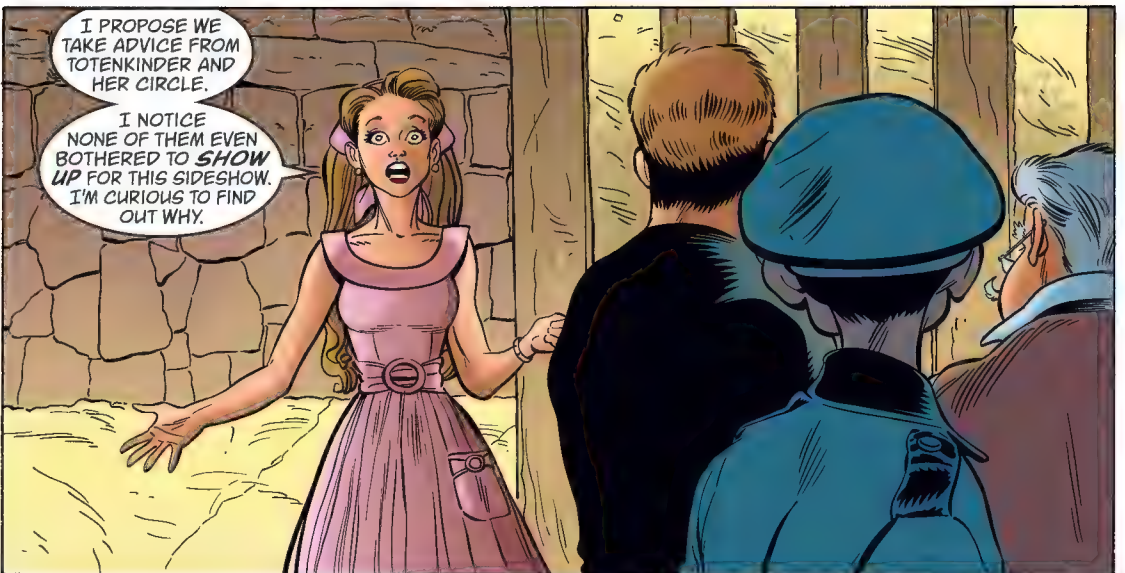
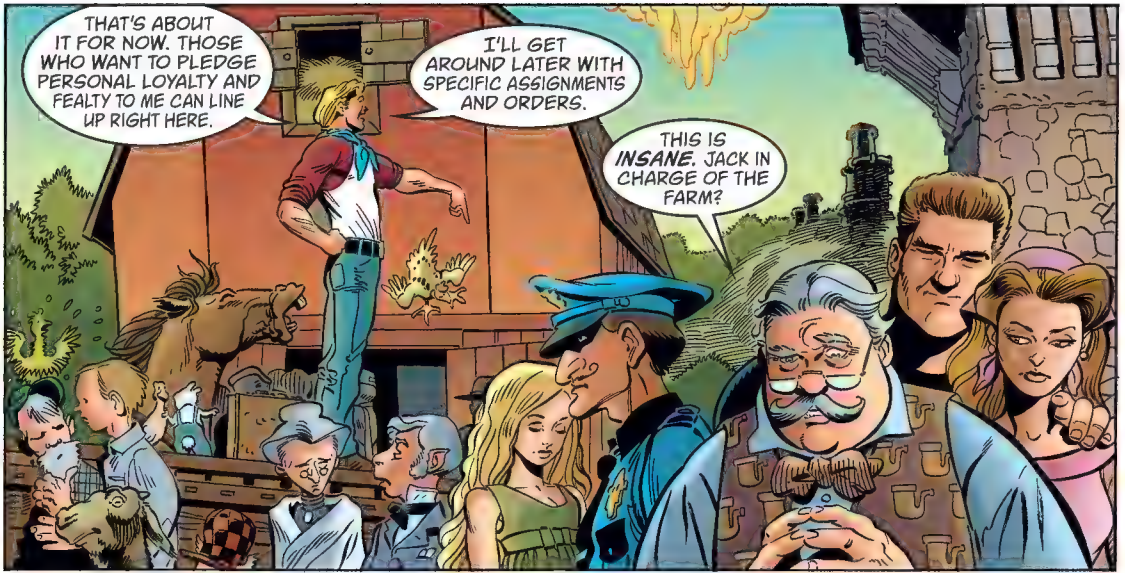
REVISE IS ON OUR SIDE FOR NOW.

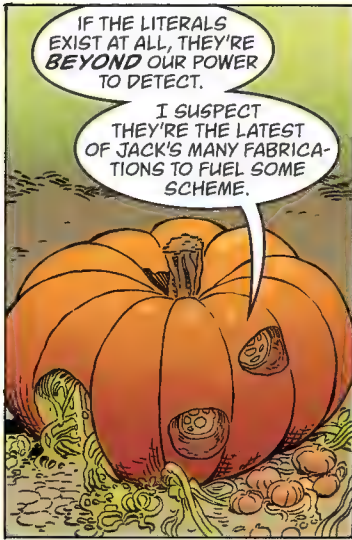


YEP, THAT'S JUST PART OF WHAT THE WORLD'S ONLY SIX-STAR GENERAL IS ABLE TO DO.

I NOT ONLY CONQUER MY ENEMIES, BUT I TURN THEM INTO LOYAL ALLIES.

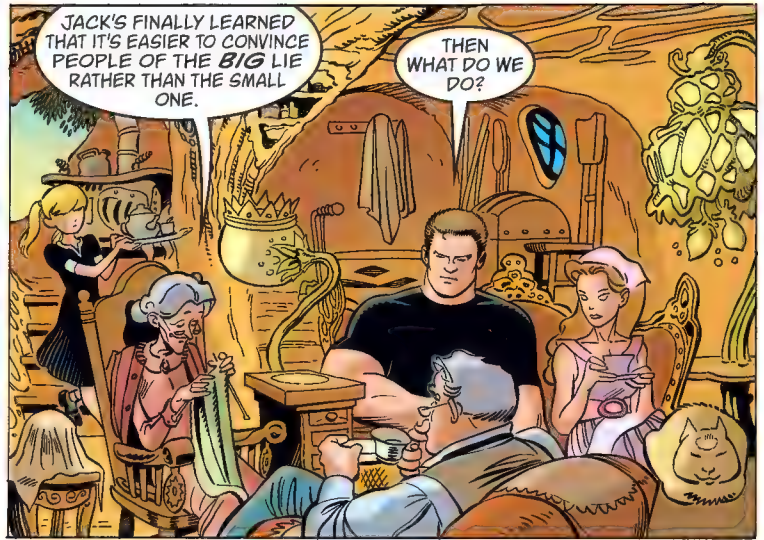






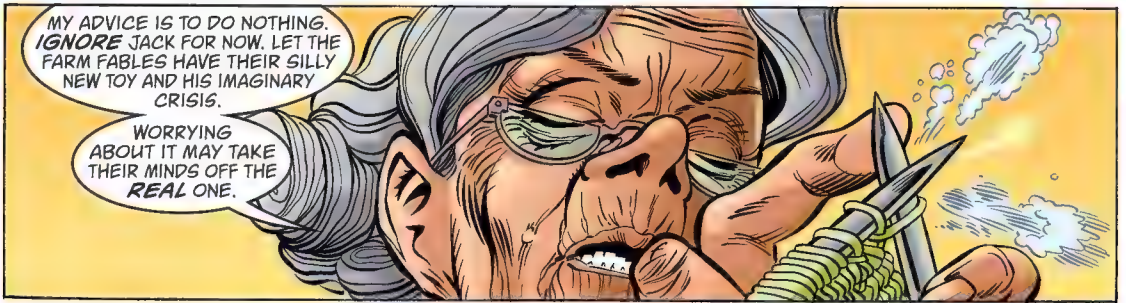
IF THE LITERALS EXIST AT ALL, THEY'RE **BEYOND** OUR POWER TO DETECT.

I SUSPECT THEY'RE THE LATEST OF JACK'S MANY FABRICATIONS TO FUEL SOME SCHEME.



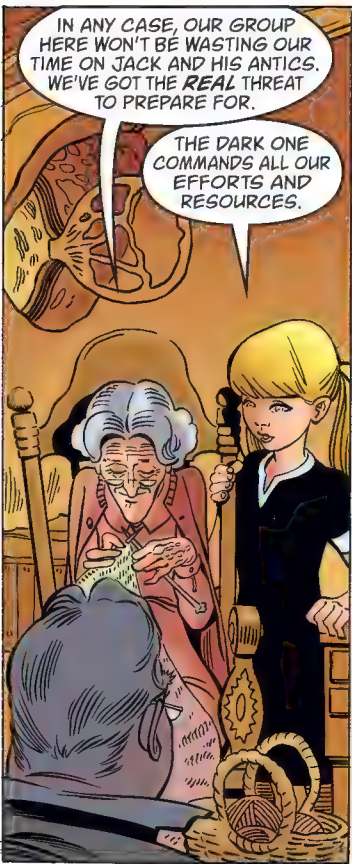
JACK'S FINALLY LEARNED THAT IT'S EASIER TO CONVINCE PEOPLE OF THE **BIG LIE** RATHER THAN THE **SMALL ONE**.

THEN WHAT DO WE DO?



MY ADVICE IS TO DO NOTHING. **IGNORE** JACK FOR NOW. LET THE FARM FABLES HAVE THEIR SILLY NEW TOY AND HIS IMAGINARY CRISIS.

WORRYING ABOUT IT MAY TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF THE **REAL ONE**.

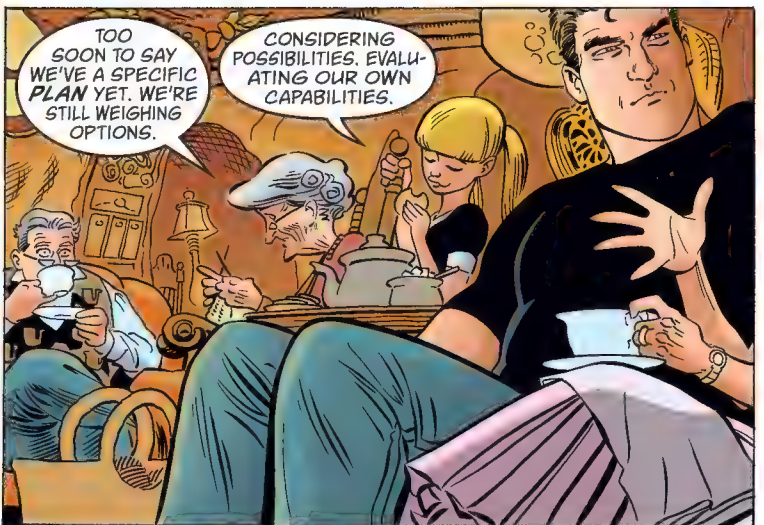


IN ANY CASE, OUR GROUP HERE WON'T BE WASTING OUR TIME ON JACK AND HIS ANTICS. WE'VE GOT THE **REAL THREAT** TO PREPARE FOR.

THE DARK ONE COMMANDS ALL OUR EFFORTS AND RESOURCES.

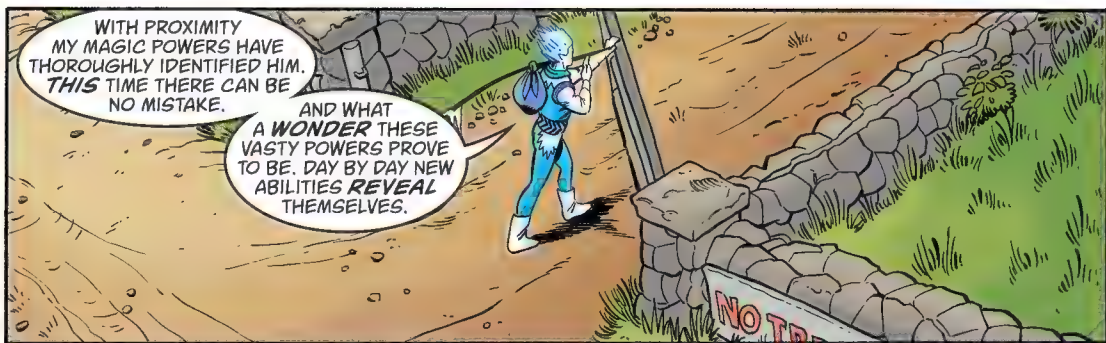
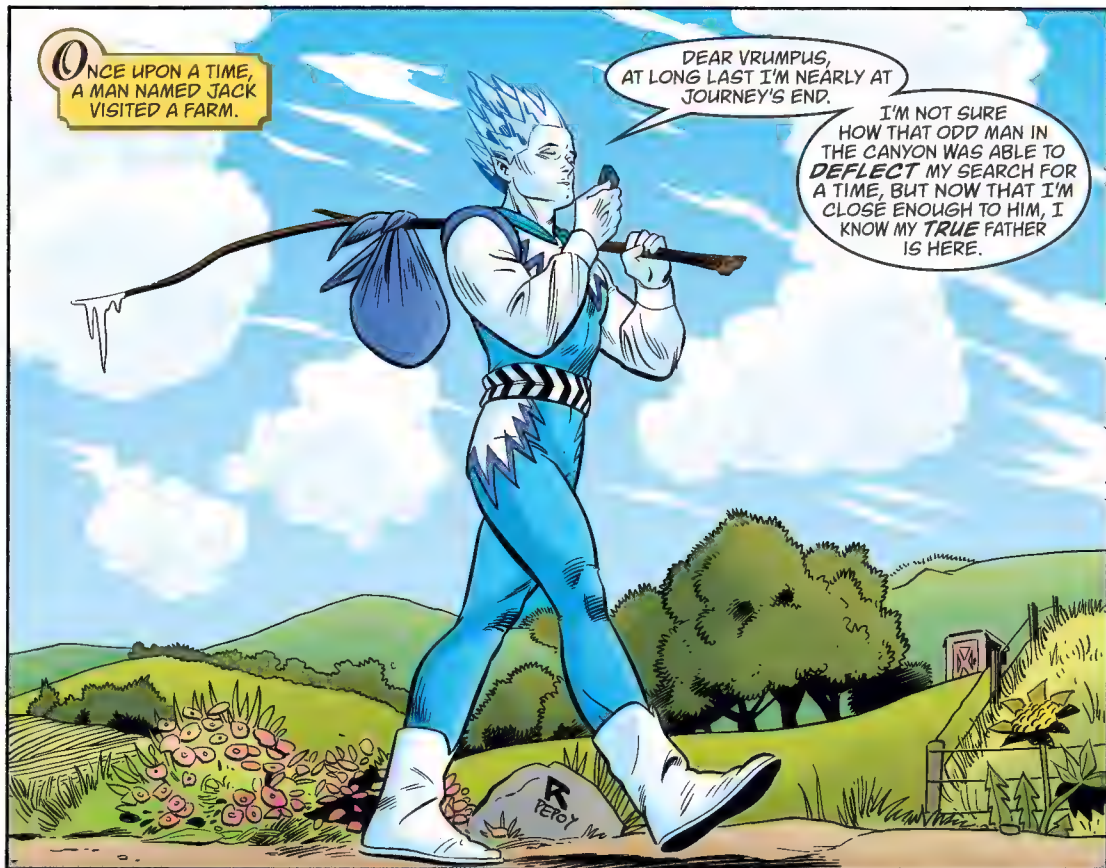


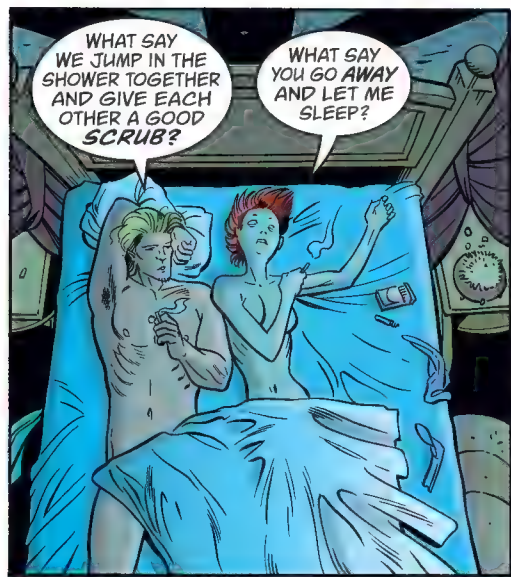
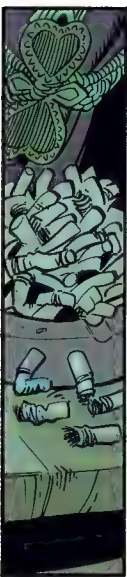
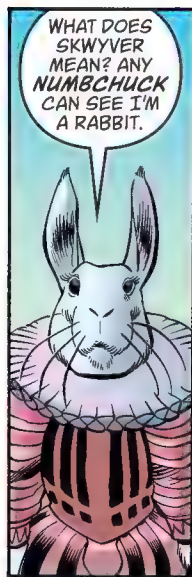
YOU HAVE A PLAN TO **DEAL** WITH HIM?

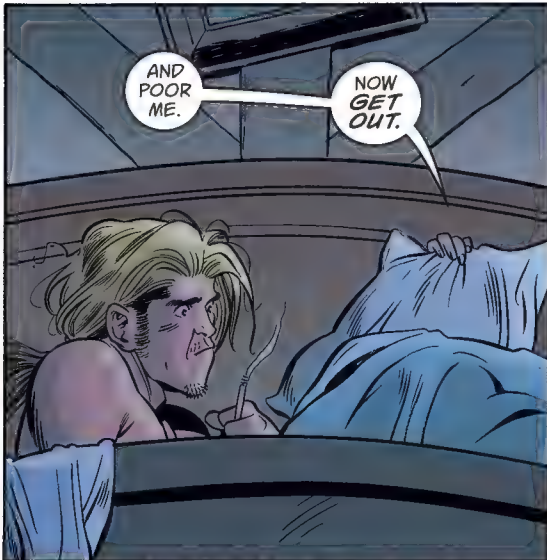
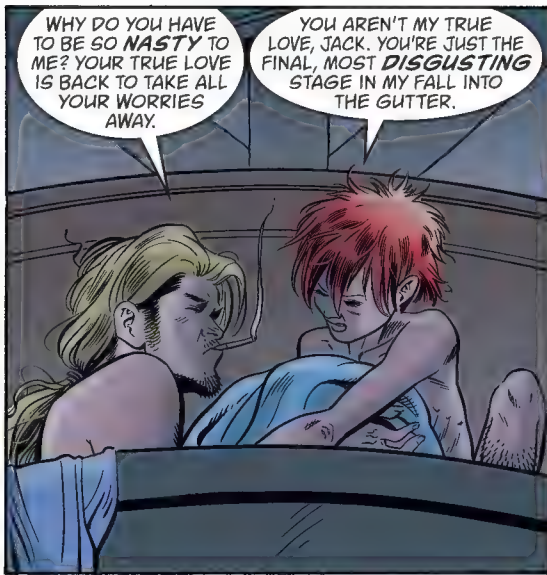


TOO SOON TO SAY WE'VE A SPECIFIC PLAN YET. WE'RE STILL WEIGHING OPTIONS.

CONSIDERING POSSIBILITIES, EVALUATING OUR OWN CAPABILITIES.









I PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF THE FARM, JACK, LIKE YOU WANTED. GO SEE TO IT. RUN IT INTO THE GROUND. **ABUSE** YOUR POWER. OPPRESS THE MASSES.

THEN, WHEN THEY GET TIRED OF YOUR CRAP, THEY'LL HAVE ANOTHER REVOLUTION AND DO IT **RIGHT** THIS TIME.



THEY'LL **LYNCH** YOU FROM THE JUNIPER TREE AND MOUNT **MY** BLOODY HEAD IN THE SQUARE, ON A BLOODY GODDAMN STICK, FOR **GIVING** YOU THE JOB.

FINALLY WE'LL **BOTH** GET WHAT WE DESERVE.



WHAT WE WANT.



ROSE, I THINK--

GET OUT **NOW**, OR I'LL ORDER CLARA TO BURN YOU LIKE A **WICK**.



**FINE**, YOU INSUFFERABLE **WITCH**.

SCUM-SACK.

HELLO,  
DAD.

HUH?

MY NAME'S  
JACK, TOO, OR  
JACK TWO, SOME  
COINCIDENCE,  
HUH?

I'M YOUR  
LONG LOST **SON**,  
COME TO SEE FOR  
MYSELF IF YOU'RE EVERY  
BIT THE TRAITOROUS  
**WEASEL** MOM SAYS  
YOU ARE.



*The Great  
Fables Crossover  
continues in  
Jack of Fables #34!*

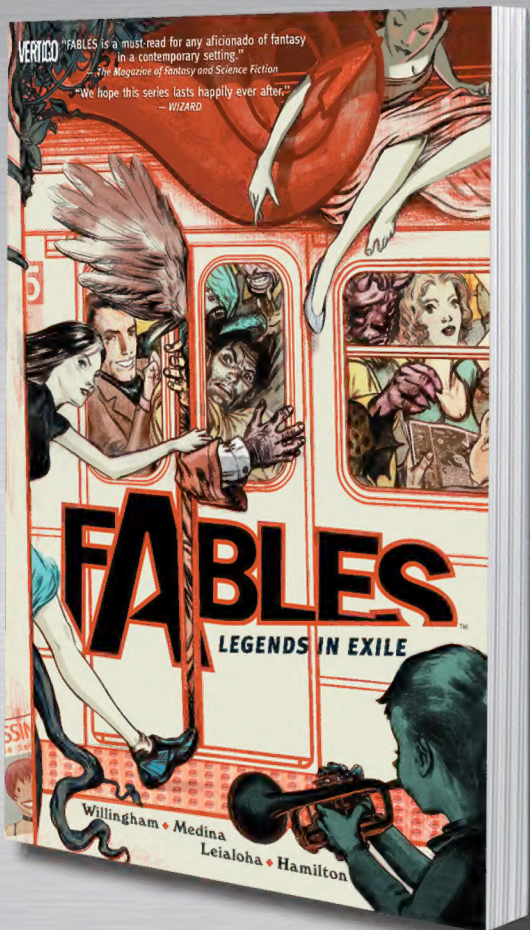
*"FABLES is an excellent series in the tradition of SANDMAN, one that rewards careful attention and loyalty."* – ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

# BILL WILLINGHAM

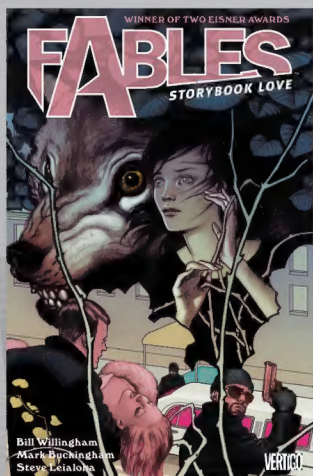
*"[A] wonderfully twisted concept... features fairy tale characters banished to the noirish world of present-day New York."*  
– THE WASHINGTON POST



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- VOL. 5: THE MEAN SEASONS
- VOL. 6: HOMELANDS
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- VOL. 9: SONS OF EMPIRE
- VOL. 10: THE GOOD PRINCE
- VOL. 11: WAR AND PIECES
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- VOL. 13: THE GREAT FABLES CROSSOVER
- 1001 NIGHTS OF SNOWFALL



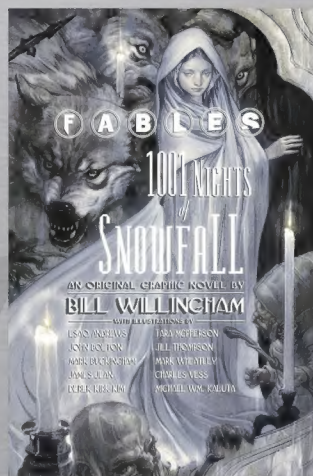
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Suggested for Mature Readers





NATHAN